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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 5, 1898.

Spain is talky.

The United States is Dewey.

PROBABLY the Spaniards are not so confident now that the blowing up of the Maine was a cute trick after all.

COMMISSIONER EVANS'S pulses slowed down again last week and he only made 1,029 original allowances. Maybe the victory at Manila may run him up again a couple of hundred cases next week.

RUSSIA is coquetting. She is pouting about the friendship that has developed between Great Britain and the United States, and reminds us that she sent us her fleet in 1861, when we had trouble with England over the Trent affair.

It begins to look as if there would be some work for the gallant boys of Washington, Oregon, and California.

THE best guarantee of the non-interference of the European Powers in our affairs is the following table of the amounts we annually buy of them, and which trade they would lose:

Austria-Hungary	\$10,054,501
France	77,722,311
Germany	111,210,614
Italy	26,250,000

GEN. BLANCO'S assertion that "Cuba will never be anything but Spanish" is a particularly empty boast. The island is capable of giving abundant support to 10,000,000 people. By the repressive policy of Spain its population has been restricted to 1,600,000, mainly slaves, coolies, and excessively poor and ignorant whites. It has richer possibilities than any other spot on the globe. As soon as our arms have broken the cruel power of Spain the island will be flooded by enterprising Young Americans, eager to develop its unparalleled resources. It will not be many years until it is almost as little Spanish as California is today.

We buy abroad every year \$140,000,000 worth of sugar; \$90,000,000 worth of coffee; \$15,000,000 of tobacco; \$17,000,000 of tropical fruits, etc. The place to raise these is in Cuba, and their production would and will give profitable employment to hundreds of thousands of live, vigorous young Americans.

It is announced from Spain that one of her fleets is under the "Command of Admiral Churruariz, a descendant of the Spanish Commander at Trafalgar." This is not a particularly stunning announcement. At the battle of Trafalgar a smaller English fleet knocked out and almost wholly destroyed the combined French and Spanish fleets. The French did most of the hard fighting, the Spaniards doing little beyond swelling the list of captives and runaways.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

We begin our special correspondence from the front this week with two very interesting letters from the great camp of organization at Chickamauga Military Park. The letters present different phases of life and things down there, since one is from an old veteran who has passed his life in the army, and the other from a young officer entering upon his first campaign. They see everything with different eyes, but what each has to say is equally interesting. They are great features of this week's paper.

THE Scotch farmers and breeders are actively protesting because the city butchers buy American beef at about 9½ cents a pound, where Scotch beef would cost them 12 cents. Yet it is claimed that a British workman can live cheaper than an American. If so, it is only by not living so well.

OUR VICTORY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

There is a glorious, old-time ring in the news from the Philippine Islands. It is a story the like of which has not come to our ears for a third of a century, but it sounds marvelously similar to those which electrified the American people in the brave old days when John Paul Jones, Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Perry, Chauncey, the Porters, and Farragut were making the Flag the emblem of imperishable glory.

So far the tale has been told by our enemies. Nearly all our information has come through Spain. We might be well content to have it continue so. Even Spanish bombast androdomontade cannot conceal or even dim the splendor of the achievement by which they have suffered an irreparable blow. Their own story of their disaster is the highest tribute to the superb gallantry, enterprise and seamanship of the American sailors. It shows that Admiral Dewey and his splendid command have successfully emulated the deeds of their predecessors at Algiers and Tripoli, on the high seas wherever an English or a French ship was met, at New Orleans, and at Mobile.

A small squadron of five American ships, on the other side of the globe—1,500 miles from the nearest American port—sailed boldly forth to attack a Spanish squadron in its own waters, and supported by forts which have been held and developed as a Spanish stronghold for over 350 years. Arriving there the attack was immediate and truly American in its impetuosity and determination. It was a match for Nelson's quick, resolute assault on the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and upon the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. It was as overwhelmingly successful as they were. Within two hours after the first gun was fired the Spanish fleet was annihilated. This we know from Spanish sources. How much harm was done the forts we have yet to learn, but probably they were nearly as roughly handled as the ships were.

Our own losses are as yet unknown. We can only congratulate ourselves over the wonderful fact that, despite the apparent superiority of the Spanish strength, we did not lose a ship—probably did not have one disabled.

The consequences of this splendid victory must be far-reaching and important beyond any words. It will exalt American seamanship unspeakably in the estimation of the world. It makes us at once a first-class naval power. No matter how many or how few ships we may happen to have, no nation in the world will willingly dispute the seas with us. We can sail the ocean on equal terms with the best of them, for we have men equal to any achievement, and money and resources sufficient to give them fleets capable of fighting all the navies of the world, combined, if need be.

Since the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, there has been no achievement by a European fleet to compare with the triumph of the American squadron before Manila, and until it is equalled or surpassed the American sailors must be conceded to be the foremost in the world.

Its effect upon the contest with Spain must be highly important—may be decisive. It may bring the Spaniards to their senses by showing them how foolish is the attempt to prolong the struggle, which can only result in still deeper humiliation and more crushing losses. If so, they will lose no time in opening negotiations for peace.

THE President has struck a popular chord in saying that we shall hold the Philippines, and whatever else we may gain by our arms, until our own good time for deciding what we shall do with them. That is the only sensible way. We shall not expend American blood and American money to conquer important places just to throw them over to the greedy land-grabbers of Europe. We need—and the present trouble has shown how strongly we need it—a naval and coaling station in the far East, and no better location can be found than the magnificent harbor of Manila. We can probably govern the islands with little trouble, and certainly give them a far better Government than they have ever had.

It is easy to understand the Emperor of Austria's animus. We knocked the underpinning out from the bogus Empire which his brother set up in Mexico, and allowed the Mexicans to shoot him. Besides, his niece has a fat job as Queen Regent of Spain, and he wants to keep it for her.

THE NEXT MOVE.

Josh Billings used to say that it was "not wise to prophesy unless you know." It is hard to say with any degree of confidence what the next steps will be. It would seem that the crushing blow delivered against Spain in the Philippines ought to be convincing. Though she has better ships than those she had there, we have still much better ships than we had there, and many more of them, and they are likely to find the Spanish fleet without such strong help as the forts about Manila gave the fleet there.

What has become of the Spanish fleet lately at the Cape Verde Islands is not at this moment known. If it has dared to venture across the Atlantic its destruction is certain. We have swift scouts on the look-out for it, and the moment that it is found to be approaching this side the ocean an overwhelming force will be sent to intercept it. Unless the Spaniards are crazy they will not attempt to actually threaten our North-eastern cities, as they talked of last week. Long before they could get anywhere near New York, Boston or Portland they would find themselves confronted by Admiral Sampson, and forced to battle under the greatest possible disadvantage.

In the meanwhile Blanco's army in Cuba is already feeling the keen pinch of hunger. He cannot hold out long unless he gets supplies, and supplies must come by sea, for the island is exhausted, largely by the vandalism of his own men. His surrender without being able to strike a blow can be brought about within a few weeks—possibly within a few days.

The speech of Senor Silveira in the Cortes last Saturday is taken by diplomats to mean that Spain is getting ready to surrender. The questions are whether the present Ministry will hoist the white flag, whether it will step down and let the opposition do it, and whether some bargain can be made with foreign powers—Germany, France, Austria, or Russia—to get them to hold the United States off. There seemed to be a hint that the Philippines might be used to bring help.

Our crushing victory in the Philippines will probably make the powers very wary about mixing in the quarrel. They understand that the Americans are not now in a mood to be dictated to. We have started in with a very thorough determination to have our own way, and we shall have it. The Congress of the United States is the only "power" that can or shall say just what we shall or shall not do.

THE Pope has wisely decided to withdraw from further interference in the quarrel. While it is true that there are 17,000,000 Roman Catholics in Spain whom he would greatly like to oblige, there are 10,000,000 Roman Catholics in the United States who are standing very solidly by the Government, and are second to no other American citizens in their determination that Spain must be expelled from the hemisphere. Like the rest of their fellow-citizens, they cannot understand what religion has got to do with this war, nor why Catholicism should not flourish as well in Cuba and Porto Rico under American rule as it does in the United States itself.

THE history of Spain is a long black record of treachery. The policy has always been the same, though the incidents have differed. History tells us that in 1535—363 years ago—the Spanish crops failed, and the sternly religious Philip II. sent a special invitation to the English merchants to send a great fleet laden with wheat to Spanish ports. When he got the ships fairly under his guns he confiscated them and their cargoes, and then threw the crews into prison. Only one ship escaped. On her the Captain of the Port of Biscay had come under the pretense of paying a friendly visit. With him were a lot of soldiers disguised as merchants. But the English had gotten a hint of the plot. They picked up such weapons as came handiest, and drove the visitors overboard. The Captain of the Port was taken prisoner. On him was found the King's order for the treachery. England was so incensed that she went to war at once.

RUSSIA has the merit of frankness. She says right out that she does not want the war to last long, because if it does, it will lead to our building a great navy, which will admit of our dictation to the rest of the world. That is the real animus of all the others. They fear that we shall awake to a realization of our power, when all the rest of them will have to play second fiddles in the concert of the world.

OLD VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT.

The army which will occupy Cuba is pretty thoroughly in the hands of the old volunteers of 1861.

To begin with is Maj.-Gen. Miles, the Commanding General, who went out in 1861 as a Captain in the 22d Mass., then became Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the 61st N. Y., and Brigadier and Major-General of Volunteers. He did not get into the Regular Army until July 28, 1866.

Brig.-Gen. H. C. Corbin, the Adjutant-General of the Army, went out in 1862 as Second Lieutenant in the 83d Ohio, was transferred to the 79th Ohio, became a Lieutenant-Colonel of colored troops, and entered the Regular Army in 1866 as a Second Lieutenant.

The four officers designated by the President as Major-Generals commanding corps have similar records.

Gen. W. R. Shafter went out in August, 1861, as First Lieutenant in the 7th Mich., became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 19th Mich., Colonel of the 17th U. S. C. T., and entered the Regular Army in 1866 as a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Gen. E. S. Otis went out in 1862 as a Captain in the 140th N. Y., became its Lieutenant-Colonel, and entered the Regular Army in 1866 as a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Gen. H. C. Merriam went out as a Captain in the 20th Me., became a Lieutenant-Colonel of colored troops, and entered the Regular Army in 1866 as a Major.

Gen. J. F. Wade was a civilian in 1861, and secured an appointment as First Lieutenant in the 6th U. S. Cav., a new regiment raised that year. He subsequently got a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 6th U. S. (Colored) Cav., was promoted to its Colonel, and returned to the Regular Army in 1866 as a Captain.

Brig.-Gen. J. R. Brooke, who commands at Chickamauga, went out in 1861, as a Captain in the 4th Pa., became Colonel of the 53d Pa., Brigadier and Brevet Major-General of Volunteers, and entered the Regular Army in 1866 as a Lieutenant-Colonel.

THE Duke of Wellington went to the Peninsula, with a high idea of Spanish valor. He went thither to help the Spaniards throw off the French yoke, and rid themselves of a foreign despot. He had reason to expect them to fight desperately. A little later he said that he early learned that he had to make just such disposition of his men as if there were no Spanish allies with him, for they invariably ran as soon as the battle opened.

PERSONAL.

Maryland having been under the control of the ex-Confederates since the war, nothing was done toward preserving the records of the Maryland men who did splendid service in the Union armies. In 1896 the Legislature authorized a commission to complete the rosters and histories of the Union soldiers, sailors, and marines. This commission consisted of Gen. L. A. Wilmer, Dr. James H. Jarrett, Surgeon, 7th Md., and Lieut.-Col. Geo. W. Vernon, 1st Md. P. H. B. The work has been long and arduous, but the commission, and particularly Col. Vernon—went at it with zeal, and now is able to report it in a much more satisfactory shape than could have been reasonably expected after the lapse of so many years. Two volumes will be published, the first being a roster of all the troops accredited to Maryland; the second, of the sailors, marines, and colored troops enlisted from Maryland. This will show that the State furnished 59,316 white soldiers, 8,718 colored, and 3,425 sailors and marines; making a grand total of 62,459 men, or nearly 10 per cent. of the population.

Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, Canton, O., who commanded the 11th Ohio in over a score of hard-fought battles, and was 30 days under fire in the Atlanta campaign, has offered his services to Gov. Bushnell, of Ohio, to raise a regiment, in the event of a war with Spain, and has had assurances that his services would be accepted. Gen. Sherwood, who was one of the youngest field officers in the service, won his stars for special gallantry at the battle of Franklin, where the regiment lost 24 per cent., in killed and wounded, of the number engaged.

A bill has been favorably recommended to the House to give a pension of \$3 a month to Maj. John A. Bingham. This will recall the memory of one of the ablest members of the War Congresses. He served 16 years as a Representative from Ohio, and was appointed Major and Judge-Advocate of Volunteers, Jan. 12, 1864. He conducted the trial of Mrs. Suratt and others, and is now living in Ohio, without family or relatives, at the advanced age of 83. He has no property.

A bill has been favorably recommended to the House to give a pension of \$30 a month to Mrs. Ann M. Smith, widow of Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith, who is now living in St. Louis, at the age of 74, without other means of support than a pension of \$3 a month for her late husband's service in the Mexican War.

W. S. Fletcher, Co. G, 2d Vt., Santa Fe, N. M., comes out in the New Mexican in an indignant defense against some aspersions on Senator Proctor's military record.

A Hint at Breakfast.

How absurd! she said as she put down the article descriptive of a naval battle and went on with the work that naturally falls to the lot of a woman who keeps a boarding house.



Some More of Mr. Levi Rosenbaum's Adventures.

Mr. Rosenbaum became a frequent visitor to the House's Rest, and greatly interested Si and Shorty with his stories of adventure.

"How did you happen to come into the Army of the Cumberland?" asked Si.

"I'd thought you'd stand where you knowed the country and the people."

"Dat was yost de trouble," replied Rosenbaum. "I set to know dem fery vell, but dey got to know me a gofundum sight better. Ven I was in de glooding pinniss in Saint Louis I tried to haf eferpody know me. I advertised. I wanted to be a krute pig sunflower dat eferpody noticed. But when I got to be a shy I wanted to be a modest little violet dat hid under de leaves, not poppidy saw. Den eferny man vhat knowed me pcome a danger, unt it got so dat I shuddered eferny time dat I see a limb running over vrom a tree, for I didn't know how soon I might be hanged from it. I haf some narrow escapes, I tell you."

"But dat decided me to leave de gountry unt skip ofer de Mississippi Riffer was something dat happened down in de Poston Mountains yost before de battle of Bea Ridge. I was down dere vatching Van Dorn unt Ben McCullough for Cheneral Curtis. I was ketching along all right, I was still blaying de olt racket about puying up Meggigan siffer tollars to sent to Meggizio to puy ammunition. Vun night I was sitting at a camp-fire mit two or three odders, when a growd of Dexas gome up. Dey was yost trunk enough to be devilish, unt had a rope mit a noose on de end, which I noticed first thing. I haf gotten to keep a sharp lookout for such things. My flesh creeped when I saw dem. I tried to run, but dem had circled me up at vance, but couldn't for my life recollect, for eferthing had been going on all right for several days."

"De man mit de rope—a pig, ugly prute, mit red hair unt yun eye—says: 'You're a Chew, and yun?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I was born dat way.' 'Vell,' says he, 'ye're going to hang yun right off.' Unt he put de noose around my neck unt began drying to throw de udder end ofer a limb."

"Vhat for?" I yelled, drying to pull de rope off my neck. "I land dem nuttings." "Hut, hut?" said de man mit yun eye. "Yun hook-axed Chew gruncied our Saffor." "Vhy, yun red-headed vool," said I, ketching holt off de rope mit both hands, "dat happened more as 1,800 years ago. Let me go."

"I don't care if it did," said de yun-eyed man, getting de end of de rope ofer de limb. "I've didn't hear about it till de Chaplain told us dis morning, unt den de poy said we'd kill eferny Chew we gome agross. Ketch holt off de end dere, Bowers."

"De udder vellers around me laughed at de man mit yun eye, dried to let me go, but I'd promised not to do it again, holler for Chiff Davis, unt dried all around. I was a vool thing, but id sweat me vorse'n anything else, unt I resolved to ketch out of dere unt to vore de peoples read der Bibles unt de newshapers."

"How did yun manage to keep Gen. Curtis posted as to de number of rebels in front of him?" asked Si. "Yun couldn't always be running back and forth from one army to de other."

"O, dat was easy enough. Yun see, Cheneral Curtis was advancing, unt de rebels fall back most of de time. Dey had some cabins eferly liddle ways along de road. All dese haf krute big fireplaces, built of smooth rocks, which dey pick up out of de creek unt wherever dey find dem."

"I'd go into dese houses unt dalk mit de people unt blay mit de children. I'd sit by de fire unt look up a dead cow unt mark on dese smooth rocks. Sometimes I'd draw horses unt wagons unt men to amuse de children. Sometimes I'd talk to de olt folks about how long dey'd been in de gountry, how many bears unt deers de man haf killed, how far it was to de next place, how de roads run, unt so on, unt I'd make marks on de jam of de fireplace to help me understand."

"De next day our scouts vould come in unt see de marks unt understand dem yost as well as if I'd wrote dem a letter. I'd fixed it all up mit dem before I left camp. I'd draw fery vell mit a piece of charcoal. I'd make pictures of men vut vould make de children unt olt folks open der eyes. Our scouts vould understand vhat yun meant Pen McCullough, vich yun Van Dorn, vich yun Pap Price, unt so on. Udder marks vould show vich way each yun was going unt how many men he haf mit him. De rebels neffer dropped on to it, but dey came so close to it yunce or twice dat my hair stood on end."

"That curly mop of yours'd haf a time standing on end," ventured Shorty. "I should think it'd twist yun neck off tryin' ta." "Vell, sometimes it'd gif me a chance, I apout de throat yun day ven I saw a reppel Colonel slop unt look fery hard at a long letter which I'd wrote dis way on a rock."

"Who done dat?" he asked. "Dis man here," says de olt woman. "He done it while he was passing mit de olt man unt vooling mit de children. Lot of pesky nonsense, marking up de valls dat-a-way." "Looks like very systematic nonsense," said de Colonel, very stern unt sour. "Dere may be something in it. Did you do this?" he, turning to me.

"Yes, sir," said I. "I haf a bad habit of marking when I'm dalking. I always done it, efen when I was a child. My mudder used to often slap me for shoaling de valls, but she gould neffer break me of it." "Humph," said he, not at all satisfied mit my story, "looking at de scratches harder den efer." "Who are yun, unt vhat are yun doing here?"

"I told him my story about puying Meggigan siffer tollars, unt showed him a lot of de tollars I'd pought."

"Yun story ain't reasonable," said he. "Yun hafn't done pinniss enough to pay you for all de time yun've spent around de army. I'll put yun under guard till I can look into yun case."

"He galled to de Serchent of de Guard, unt ordered him to take charge of me. De Serchent vut same dake charge, Bob Vilkins, dat I haf de droubles mit, by Vilson's Creek. He kicked me unt pouted me, unt put me

on my horse, mit my hands tied behind me, unt my feet tied under de horse's pelly. I was almost dead by night, when we needed Headquarters. Dey gif me somedings to eat, unt I laid down on de floor of de cabin, vishing I was Pontius Pilate, so dat I gould grufly eferny man in de Southern Confederisy. Especially, Bob Vilkins. An hour or two later I heard Bob Vilkins swearing aguin.

"Make out de names of all de prisoners I haf," he was saying, "mit vhere dey pelong unt de charges against dem. I gaut. Do dey take me for a counter-jumping clerk? I didn't gome into de army to be a white-faced book-keeper. I sdrained my humbde udder tay, unt I gaut vwide, efen a liddle bit. Vhat am I to do?"

"I don't believe dere's a man in a mile of here dat gaut make out such a list," he went on. "Dey're all a set of hominy-caked block-heads. Berhaps dat hook-nosed Chew might. He's de man. I'll make him do it, or peack his schwindling head."

"He gome in, kicked me, unt made me get up, unt den took me out unt set me down at a dable, vhere he haf baper, bent unt ink, unt ordered me to take down de names off de prisoners as he brought dem up. He'd look ofer my shoulder as I wrote, as if he was reading vhat I set down, but I knowed dat he gouldn't make out a letter. I was tempted to write all sorts of things about him, but I didn't, for I was in enough droubles already. Ven I gome to my own name, he said:

"Make de charge, a shy, a thief, unt a Dutch traitor to de Southern Confederisy."

"I yost wrote: 'Leil Rosenbaum, Memphis, Tenn., merchant. No charge.' He scanned very wisely ad, unt pretended to read, unt said:

"It's lucky for yun dat yun wrote id yost as I told yun. I'd a proke eferny pone in yun poddy if yun hafn't."

I'd yost got done when an officer gome down from Headquarters for it. He looked it ofer unt said:

"Who mate dis out?" "Vhy, I mate id out," said Bob Vilkins, pold as brass.

"Bud who wrote id?" said de officer. "I sdrained my humbde, so I gouldn't write verry vell, unt I mate a Chew prisoner gopy id," said Bob Vilkins.

"Id's de pest wridding I haf seen," said de officer. I vant de man vhat wrote id to gome mit me to Headquarters at vance. I haf some gopying dere to be done at vance, unt not vun of dem gorn-grackers dat I haf puyed can write anydings id to read. Fring dat man here unt I will dake him mit me."

"Bob Vilkins hated to led me go, but he gouldn't help himself, unt I vent mit de officer. I was so dired I gould hardly move a step, unt I felt I gould nod vwide a vord. I seemed to see a chance at Headquarters, unt I determined to make eferny effort to do somedings. Dey gif me a siff horn of vishky unt sed me to work. Dey wanted me to make out unt gopy a consolidated report off de army."

"I almost forgot I was dired when I found out dat dey wanted, for I saw a chance to get somedings of great value. Dey'd been drying to make up a report vrom all sorts of scraps unt sheets of baper sent in from de different Headquarters, unt dey had shoiled a half-dozin pig sheets of baper after dey'd got dem badly done. If I do say id myself, I gan write better den dem, unt vich gould make dem most any man ofer say. Dese reppels thought dey haf got holt of a vonder—a lightning galgulator unt lightning benman togelder."

"As vast as I vould gopy vun baper, unt it vould prove to be all right, I vould vold it unt stick it into a paper envelope, unt I vould vold up de shoiled reports, unt stuck dem in de envelope, saying dat I wanted to ket rid of dem—put dem vhere seeing dem vouldn't bodder me. I gaurfully slipped de envelope under de edge of a pile of bapers near de edge of de dable. I had another big vally envelope, dat I looked voseh id by bring in de middle of de dable, into vich I sdruck bapers dat didn't amount to nooddings. I was verry slick about it, unt didn't led dem see dat I haf two envelopes."

"Id was last midnight when I got de consolidated report made out, unt de reppels was sed to dech to dech mit it. Dey'd neffer seen anything so good vore defore. Dey wanted a gopy made to keep, unt I said I'd make vun, though I was nearly dead for sleep. I really vasn't, for de excitement made me forget all apout being dired."

I was determined, pevore I slept, to haf dat yellow envelope, mit all dese bapers, Cheneral Curtis's hands, though he haf 40 miles afay. How in de world I was going to do it, I gouldn't think, but I was going to do it, if I tied a drying. De virst thing vas to ket dat envelope off de dable into my vich de next, to ket out of dat cabin, day vrom Bob Vilkins unt his guards through de reppel lines, unt ofer de mountains to Cheneral Curtis's camp. Id vas a dark, vindy night, unt things were in confusion apout de camp—yost de kind of a time when anypody might kid a Chew pedler, unt no questions vould be peaked."

"I haf got de best gopy vishky, unt de officers vas going ofer id. Dey haf der heads togelder, nod 18 inches vrom me, agross de dable. I haf my vingers on de envelope, but I didn't dare slip id out, though my vingers itched. I vas in hopes dat dey'd turn around, or de somedings dat'd gif me a chance."

"Sattently Bob Vilkins opened de door vide, unt valked in, mit a dispatch in his hand. De vind swept in, plev de gaudies out, unt sent de bapers vlying apout de room. Some vent into de vire. De officers yelled unt swore at him, but he shut de door, but he de envelope in my breast-pocket."

"Then, to ket agay. How in de name of Moses unt de Den Gofmaments vas I to do dat?" "Vun of de officers said to Bob Vilkins: 'Dake dis man afay, unt dake gome gure of him mit de noose.' Vell, I was in a hurry. I gif him a goot belt, unt blenty to end, unt dreat him vell. Vell neffer dem do-morrow."

"Gome on, yun book-hating Chew," said Bob Vilkins, crabbedly. "I'll gif yun a mess of spore-ribs unt gorn dodgers for subber." "Yun'll do no nooddings of de kind," said de officer. "I olt yun to dreat him vell, unt if yun don't dreat him vell, I'll se apout id. Gif him a ped in dat house vhere de orderlies slay."

"Bob Vilkins crumbled unt swore ad me, after ve vent out, but dere vas nooddings to do, but to opey orders. He gif me a goot place, unt some coffee unt bread unt I lay down pretending to go to sleep. I sponed afay like a goot feller, unt bresently I heard some vun gome in. I looked a liddle out de corner of my eye, unt see py de light of de vire dat id vas Bob Vilkins sdracking pack. He vatched me for a minnit, unt den put his hand on me."

"I vas agross as I nefer vas, for I thought he vas after my brecons yaller envelope. But I thought of my bowie knife, vich I always garrid off of sight in my poyon, unt re-sofied dat I vould sdrick id in his heart, if he dried to dake afay my bapers. But I neffer moved. He felt ofer me untid he gome to de bocket vhere I haf de siller tollars, unt den slipped his vingers in, unt pulled dem out, vun by vun, vrost as chinty as if he vas smoothing de hair on a cat. I led him dake dem all, mitout moving a muscle. I vas glatt to haf him dake dem. I knowed dat he was blaying boker somewhere, unt hat run out of gash, unt vould dake my money unt go pack to his gome."

"I was so glad I heard his vooosteps disappear in de distance, I got up unt sneaked down to vhere de Headquarters vhere were dired. I must get a fresh vun, peakase my ova vas blayed nearly out. He vould neffer do to garry me ofer de rough roads I must ride pevore morning. But ven I got dere I



ROSENBAUM RUNS INTO SHORTY'S PICKETS, saw a guard bacing unt unt down in vront of dem. I haf not gounted on dis, unt for a minnit my heart stood still. Dere vere no odder horses anyvhere around."

I hesitated, looked up at Headquarters, unt saw de lights still burning dere, unt made up my mind at vance to risk eferthing on vun desperate chance. I remembered dat I haf put in my envelope some plank sheets of baper, mit 'Headquarters, Army of de Viontier, unt a reppel vlag on dem. Dere vas a pig vire purling ofer to de right, mit no one near. I vent up mit de shadow of a tree, vhere I gould see by de virelight, dook out vrom off de sheets of baper unt wrote on id an order to have a horse saddled for me at vance. Den I slipped pack so dat id vould look as if I vas goming straight vrom Headquarters, unt valked up to de guard unt handed him de order. He gouldn't read a vord, but he recognized de heading on de baper, unt I told him de rest. He thought dere vas nooddings for him to do but opey."

"While he was getting de horse I wrote out, by de vire, a bass for myself through de guards. I vas in a hurry, yun see, unt id vas all done mitout anypody seeing, unt I vas on de horse's pack unt started. I haf lost id direction, but I knowed dat I haf to go chenerally to de northeast to get to Cheneral Curtis. But I got confused aguin, unt found I vas riding around unt around in de gump mitout ketching out de all. I den gome up aguin near de pig vire, yost vhere I wrote out de pass."

"Yost den vhat should I hear but Bob Vilkins's voice. He haf lost all his money—all my money—at boker, unt vas danning de fellers he haf been blaying mit as cheats. He vas sed to be a dromple to meek, unt I knowed he vould neffer see if I vent by de pig vire, but I was desperate, unt I sdruck de spurs into my horse unt he shot ahead. I heard Bob Vilkins yell:

"Dere is dat Chew. Vhere is he going? Halt, dere! Sdrup him!" "I knowed dat if I sdropped now I vould be hung sure. Dese safety vas to go as fast as I gould. I dashed afay, vhere, I didn't know. Diredly by a guard halted me, but I showed him my bass, unt led me go on. Vile he was looking at id I sdrained my ears, unt gould hear vorses galloping my vay. I knowed it was Bob Vilkins after me, unt I was gouldn't see de end of it. I determined to get on de main road, unt go as vass as I gould. I gould see by de gampfires dat I vas now ketching afay from de army, unt I pegin to hope dat I vas going north. I kept my horse running."

"Bettly," he yelled, halted me. I didn't adopt to answer dem. I yost bolted ahead. De chance of der shooting me vasn't as treafal as de Bob Vilkins catching me. Dey vired at ag, but I galloped right through dem, unt through a rain of pullets dat dey sent after me. I velt petter then for I vas gouldn't see de end of it. I heard id seemed to me dat I vout a hundred miles